

children were playing about in it.

Let me tell you in this story of the adventure these children and I had.

A squat little samovar (brass teapot) bubbled on the hearth as they do throughout the length and breadth of the northland.

The house mother poured tea for us with hands trembling with uncontrollable excitement.

"Barina, we are Lapps from the Northland. Never until this war did we come south to the Swedish frontier. Far, far off in Europe men fight. We do not know why they die. But this we know. Karangi is a new world for the children. These little ones, Barina," her sad eyes glowed with a passion of motherhood which has no nationality.

"Never did we think to have such travels. The things we have seen since we left Lapland. All is so strange to us, but it seems quite natural to the children!

"They see more in one day than we ever heard in a winter. Think of it, highborn, already they talk Swedish. Swedish! Ah, how we laugh!

"Every day the father has two rouble (\$1 for the sledge, with hay and moss for the deer. Winters before this he slept like a bear in the ingloo. Now he is a man among men.

"All day the father sledges mails for Russia. Every week he puts the government roubles into my hand. God be with the czar. Since the ukase the richest prince cannot buy vodka.

"Today is our Pekka's nimipaiva (nameday). This birch bought is his luck tree. Next years perhaps it will be taller."

Her glance toward the delicate child confessed that long anxiety had become heartaching certainty.

"Pekka, how old are you?"

"Nine, highborn."

"Tell the Barina what you saw last week," prodded his mother.

"I saw, I saw," the little lad leaned forward to whisper. "I went into the teatheri here in Karangi!"

"It is a theater," explained his mother. "The sledge drivers, having no vodka, drink tea in the kinema."

"Let us go to the kinema, Pekka. Call all the children to celebrate your nameday! I will give a party for you," I said.

No Finn ever hurried himself for anything or anybody, but the children of Karangi scampered. Fresh from the bath, shining with a cleanliness more southern folk seldom reach, 50 hardy, fur-wrapper youngsters lined up squeaking excitement.

Calm-faced, though his arm trembled with excitement, Pekka Makkonen of Karangi mashaed his nameday party. Outside the snow was kinema the heat was intense. Then drifting like a storm. Within the moving pictures began.

Muffled, but terribly near, a blizzard howled through the frontier forest. In the theater's hot dark a grinning native in Panama hat and loin cloth slashed gigantic fans from a towering palm. Fifty northland youngsters laughed quick appreciation.

A dozen eager voices demanded to know where in all Russia men were so very warm.

Buz-z. Onto the screen flashed the interior of a Lapland home. Then a mother, quite like anybody's mother, bathing a Lapp child's inflamed eyes.

Cries from the absorbed woman entreated, commanded, "Slowly, more slowly."

The film stopped, commenced again, moving so slowly that all could follow the doll-like motions of the nurse's hands.

One determined mother seized her astonished offspring in the dark and proceeded to experiment. As the filmed mother unconsciously touched hair or apron the mother in the audience consciously did likewise. Followed lines of Russian print.

"The words are to tell us something," whispered Pekka's mother, wistfully, but we cannot spell them.